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IS IT FOR A FIGHT WE ARE SPOILING?

The St. James's Gazette, of London, Sounds a New Note.

Monroe Doctrine Should Apply to France, as Well as to Great Britain.

If It Be Not Applied in Brazil, as Well as in Venezuela, England Cannot Possibly Give Way.

TEST OF UNITED STATES SINCERITY.

Britons Would Go a Long Way to Avoid War if the Dispute Is the Result of Conscience and Principle on Our Part.

By Julian Ralph.

London, Feb. 7.—While all the other papers publish rumors to the effect that Uncle Sam has warned Venezuela that the United States has no interest in the outrage on British citizens and advised that country to resume diplomatic relations with England, the Chronicle, by way of holding a place one step ahead on American news, declares, on good authority, that a partial settlement of the outrage case has already been effected. It thinks this goes a great way toward the settlement of the larger difficulty.

Taking this news in conjunction with the same paper's declaration that the British Government now abandons the Schomburgk line, it is evident that the Chronicle imagines its hearty, long-sustained efforts for peace have been rewarded with golden success.

Quite another and altogether a new note has been sounded this afternoon by the St. James's Gazette, which argues that sincerity and fairness will compel Americans to apply the Monroe doctrine to France as well as to England.

The St. James's leader is called "A Tea of the Olney Doctrine." It reviews the history of the boundary dispute between French Guiana and Brazil, and says it is analogous to the Venezuela dispute, except that the French treated Brazil with far less forbearance than England treated Venezuela. The disputed territory lies in a similar position, and the French say they got it from the Portuguese just as the British claim to be inheritors from Spain. Instead of submitting the dispute to arbitration, France sent soldiers to clear out marauders, and even began to get damages by ordering a French gunboat to seize the cargo of a Brazilian ship.

"The attitude of the American Government is watched with the keenest interest in England. Undoubtedly the United States has no desire for a quarrel with France," says the St. James's. "She has no Canada to be invaded, no commerce worth preying on, but has got an overwhelmingly strong navy."

"On the other hand, if France's behavior is allowed to pass unnoticed, nine Britons out of ten will," it adds, "reflect upon these two alternatives of reasoning."

"Are Americans," they will say, "going for us out of a genuine desire to vindicate what they believe rightly or wrongly to be public morality; or are they merely spoiling for a fight with us? If it is the former case we can respect their views. They are probably quite wrong about their Monroe-Olney doctrine, still we should not like to fight them over what they believe to be a case of principle and conscience; and we would go a long way in the direction of concession to avoid that. But if they merely put all this forward as an excuse for a rumpus with us, we cannot possibly give way. Besides, it would be useless, because if we surrendered on this, they would only pick a quarrel with us about something else. The test is the way the Brazilian affair is handled."

PRAISING THE JOURNAL.

Berlin Press Eulogize Its Enterprise in the Ferreting Out of an Alleged Absconder's Whereabouts.

Berlin, Feb. 7.—A number of the leading papers of Berlin speak in terms of high praise of the enterprise of the New York Journal in ferreting the whereabouts of and obtaining an interview with Hugo Premier, the alleged absconder bookkeeper of the Filmsch Paper Manufactory, of this city, after his arrival in Hoboken a fortnight ago.

As soon as the Journal of January 29, containing the account of the interview arrived here this morning, the Filmsch firm procured a warrant against Premier. He is charged by his employers of having forged paper to the amount of 50,000 marks.

The case of Premier excites much interest here on account of his connection with the Baron von Hammerstein scandals. If brought here he will be used as the principal witness against the ex-editor of the Kreuz Zeitung and ex-leader of the Conservatives.

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SCENES OF RUIN WROUGHT BY THE GREAT HURRICANE.



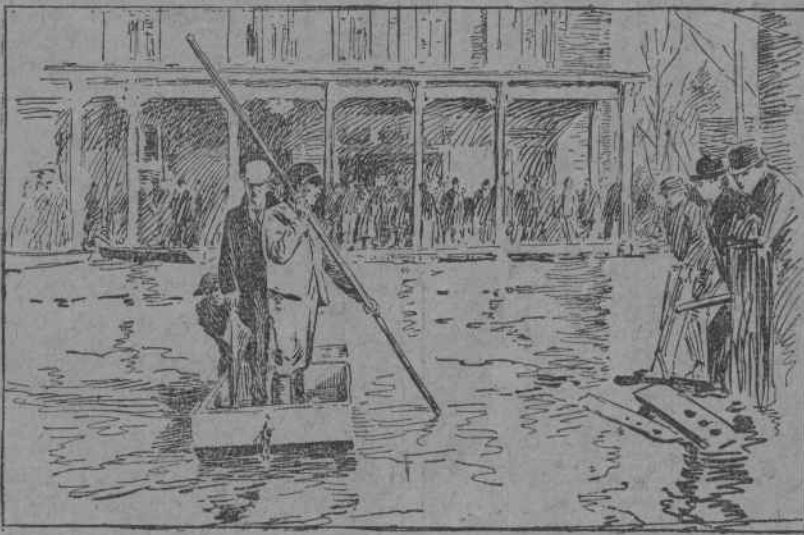
Ruins of the Ancient Presbyterian Church, Destroyed by Fire at Bound Brook Thursday.

The edifice dated from the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was the pride of the people of the town. It had been destroyed by fire on two other occasions. All that now remains is a heap of rubbish among the old gravestones that surrounded the sacred building. Near the church was a large lumber yard, the flames from which leaped over and set fire to the church. During the progress of the conflagration a large number of townspeople whose homes were burned took refuge in their place of worship, but were soon driven out by the flames. The graveyard was inundated by the flood.



Crossing Main Street, Bound Brook, on an Improvised Bridge.

From a photograph of planks that were set up after the water had partially subsided. The owners of the bridge charged persons twenty-five cents apiece for crossing the street to the Barkeley Hotel.



Crossing Main Street, Bound Brook, in a Boat.

The water flowed five feet deep through the thoroughfare, and boatmen charged \$1 apiece for single trips across. Persons who had left their homes and congregated on the hotel porch shown in the sketch stood hours knee deep in water.



Scene at the Lower End of Main Street, Bound Brook.

Wrecked houses and railroad cars about sixty yards from the Hamilton street crossing and near where the fire started in L. D. Cook & Co.'s lumber yards. The water rose above the trestles, and floating ice did much damage.



Scenes in Morristown After It Had Been Submerged by a Break in Pocahontas Lake.

The centre piece in the sketch shows the dam that had held in the waters of the lake. The torrent swept down the Whippany River, carrying great cakes of ice, and struck the bridge over the river and left it as it appears in the upper left-hand corner. The flood wrecked several houses on the banks of the river, as appears in the sketch on the right, and in Centre street, as shown on the left. The residents were rescued from imminent danger by boats that narrowly escaped being crushed by the ice. Half the village was under water.

IN THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

Lives Lost and Property Damaged in New Jersey and Long Island.

Bound Brook at the Mercy of a Fierce Fire and a Raging Flood All Night.

All Wires and Rails Were Broken and the Raritan Was Far Out of Banks.

Hundreds Had a Night of Terror in Second Stories, in Trees, or Knee Deep in Water.

FRED MILLER, A BOATMAN, DROWNED.

He Was Swimming from a Tree to a Bank—Fire Started by Skated Lime—Historic Presbyterian Church Burned.

The great hurricane swept over a thousand square miles of Eastern Jersey with a violence unknown since the terrible tempests of the Winter of 1812. Railroad and wire communication was broken on all the principal lines by the washing of bridges and embankments and the blowing down of telegraph poles.

All factories along the banks of streams were stopped by the swollen waters. The Raritan rose twenty feet out of its course, and flooded the town of Bound Brook, running five and six feet deep through Main street, and while the waters were highest fire broke out in the lumber yards and set fire to an ancient church. The people spent a night of terror in upper stories of houses against which great cakes of ice crashed; in tree tops, or standing on high places knee-deep in icy water.

Pocahontas Lake, above Morristown, broke and submerged a part of that village. Residents were rescued in boats and rafts by lantern light, while the wind and rain beat.

All over the eastern half of New Jersey, the southern half of New York State and Long Island the storm swept with destructive violence. Several lives were lost.

Half a dozen ships are reported aground at various points on the coast.

The Raritan River, swollen by melted snow, began to overflow Bound Brook about 4 p. m. Thursday. A path was cut by the enclosed water, and regardless it surged down upon Bound Brook through Main street, its principal business thoroughfare.

In 1882, and before and after that, the town had experienced floods, and the townspeople were not taken unawares. This, however, was the greatest flood in the history of that section of New Jersey. All the ground floors of the stores and dwellings through the length of the town were invaded with water from four to six feet deep, and the consequent damage was great.

PORT READING HOTEL. The most serious casualty, though, was in South Bound Brook, across from the Lehigh Valley Railroad track. About 200 yards from the high levelment of the Lehigh Valley, and about one-sixth of a mile from the depot, in a hollow, stands the two-story and a half Port Reading Hotel. This hotel is a sort of road-house, kept by Francis Mulvey. Mr. Mulvey told his story yesterday afternoon, with Mack, his dog, and three woe-begone chickens nosing and scratching about the room. The house was an island, the river, ordinarily 200 yards away, having widened to the railroad grade.

"The water began to creep up about 3 o'clock in the afternoon," said Mr. Mulvey. "I had seen it do the same thing before, and was not alarmed. In the house at the time were Mrs. McBride, my housekeeper; Henry Feller, the bartender; Henry Veghte, the porter; James Gilliland and two or three others. The water came from the river, eating up the land like a whale swallowing a minnow. It was up against the steps, the steps were carried away, and before we got all the things from the first floor it was inside the house a foot deep. It was about 9 o'clock at night, with the water rising at the rate of a foot and a half an hour, that I decided to try and get to land. Then the lower part of the banisters could not be seen. Fred Miller, a boatman, who was in the house, agreed to row myself and Mrs. McBride to the Lehigh Valley track."

WADED WAIST DEEP. "We waded waist deep through the bar-room downstairs to Miller's skiff and got in. Upstairs Gilliland, Will Carrough and a couple of other men stayed with the things. There was lots to drink, and the boys enjoyed themselves. Mrs. McBride, a young widow; Miller and I shoved off for the land. It was as dark as a hole in the ground, and except for the wind that made the telegraph wires sing there wasn't a sound. I felt, though, that the water was coming up and up. Miller pulled away by guess, and in a minute or two we bumped up against an apple tree over the trestle between the house and the valley track. The arm and helped her to catch a limb of the tree. Miller caught a limb, too, so we all three climbed up as far as we could go."

"There we sat for about half an hour about two feet from the water, yelling 'help.' Now and then we saw lamps along the railroad track, only far away, and we could hear the boys in the house telling us to hold on."